# "THE JAY PILOT" GOT HU he author of Black Bock" tells a good story of the Foothills

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC. Halph Connor's story of "The Sky Pilot; a Tale of the Foothills," tells about the winning of a whole community of rather rough citizens by a sincere, estheat young Edistonary, Arthur Wellington Moore. (Fleming H. Revell Company.) He came among them almost unheralded, and proved to them that he was a man as they were, but higher and better. The cuwboys and ranchmen in the foothills were inclined to partly to the pain of the wounded arm and dissipation. The Noble Seven, which in- partly to the nerve-wrecking from his cluded more than seven, was a club whose purpose seemed to be drinking and gambling principally. Many Scotch and English men had come out to these Canadian hills, lessness and among them no one was more influential than a certain personage nicknamed. Duke. The carelessness of the tone was a the Duke, a rather silem, haughty man, little overdone, but the Pilot was stirred up who showed that he was high-bred. The by it. mon who associated with him declared that he was "the son of a lood. The Duke was | friends," he said, looking straight into his by all odds the most striking figure in the eyes. company of the Noble Seven, and his word went further than that of any other. His stislow was Bruce, an Edinburgh University man, metaphysical, argumentative,

set in order, the tenkettle was singing, the

bedelothes straightened out, and Moore had

just finished washing the blood stains from

tackle these, pointing to the handages.

'Just in time,' he said. 'I didn't like to

"All night long Moore section and tended

the sick man, now singing softly to him,

and again beguiling him with tales that

meant nothing, but that had a strange

months of dissipation. The Duke scemed

uncomfortable enough. He spoke to Bruce

"He'll have a close squeak," said the

'He has not been fortunate in his

" "A man ought to know himself when the

pace is too swift," said the Duke, a little

"'You might have done anything with

MANAGER WALL

him. Why didn't you help him?' Moore's

more quickly than was his wont

once or twice, but the only amover was a

groan or curse, with an increase of rest-

power to quiet the nervous restlements, du

Bruce's arms and neck-

The Noble Seven had a meeting on a tones were stern and very steady, and he centain Sunday at the Hill Brothers' ranch and Bruce became unmanageable. Attempts to soothe him drove him mad, and he drew a revolver and commenced to shoot. The I like attempted to stop him, and in the suffic the weapon was discharged and Bruce wounded. He was taken home, and the next day it was found that he was in a precarious condition. The Sky Pilot, the Duke, and Ralph Connor, who tells the story, went to his cabin, but he was delirious, and threatening to shoot everything in sight. Indeed, he was shooting at the stocepipe, which he thought full of leering devils. He was singing the twenty-third Psalm when his three friends peopled in

persistent devoted to the Duke."

"The situation was one of extreme danger a madman with a Winthester ritle, some thing must be done and quickly. But what It would be death to any one appearing at the door.

"Til speak; you keep your eyes on him," said the Duke.

"'Helio, Bruce! What's the row?' shout-

Instantly the singing stopped. A look of country delight came over his face as without a word, he got his rifle ready point-

"'Come in,' he veiled, after waiting for some moments. 'Come in! You're the biggest of all the devils. Come on, I'll send you down where you belong. Come, what's keeping you?

Over the rifle-burrel his eyes gleamed with frenzied delight. We consulted as to a plan.

'a don't relish a bullet much,' I said. "There are pleasanter things," responded the Duke, 'and he is a fairly good shot.'

"Meantime the singing had started again, and, looking through the chink, I saw that liruce had got his eye on the stovepape again. While I was looking the Pilot slipped away from us toward the door,

"Come back?" said the Duke; 'don't be a fool! Come back, he'll shoot you dead! "Moore paid no heed to him, but stood waiting at the door. In a few moments Bruce blazed away again at the storepipe. Immediately the Pilot burst in, calling out eagerly:

'Idd you get him?' " 'No,' said Bruce, disappointedly, the dodged like the devil, as of course he cught,

'Til get him,' said Moore. 'Smoke him out,' proceeding to open the stove door. "Stop!" acreamed Bruce; "don't open that

door? It's full, I tell you.' Moore paused. 'Besides,' went on Bruce, 'smoke won't " Tob, that's all right," said Moore, coolly and with admirable quickness; 'wood

smoke, you know-they can't stand that," "This was apparently a new blea in demonology for Bruce, for he snak back, while Moore included the fire and put on the tealrettle. He loosed round for the teacaddy.

"Up there," said Bruce, forgetting for the moment his devils, and pointing to a quaint old-fashioned tea-eaddy upon the "Moore rook it down, turned it in his

hands and looked at Bruce. 'Old country, chi'

" 'My mother's,' said Brace, soberly, "I could have sworn it was my nunt's in Lameymeria,' said Moore, 'My aunt fived in a little stone cottage with roses all over the front of it." And he went toto an entirustaziic description of his carly home. His voice was full of music, soft and toothing, and poor Bonce sank back and

listence, the glatter facing from his eyes, The Duke and I looked at each other, "'Not ten bad, ch? said the Duke, after

a few moments' slience.

" Let's put up the herses," I suggested.

They wan't want, as for half on hear, When we cause in the goom had been then turning to me, he asked:

\* HE WAS SINGING THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM WHEN HIS FRIENDS PEEPED IN AT THE DOOR. & & & never moved his eyes from the other man's

face, but the only reply he not was a shrug of the shoulders. "Ween the gray of the morning was

coming in at the window, the foske rose up, gave himself a little shake, and said: "I min not of any service here, I shall come back in the evening."

"He went and stood for a few moments looking down upon the hat, fevered face; " "What do you think?"

"Can't say! The bromide is holding bim They wen't take any hurt from me there." down just now. His blood to had for that 'Can I get anything" I knew him well

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enough to recurrize the auxiety under his indifferent manner.

"The fort shorter sought to be got." "He hedded and went out,

'Hove breakfast? called out Moore from

"I shall get some at the fort, thanks. At which Moore was silent until his patient

he said, smiling his cynical smile. "Moore opened his eyes in surprise

" What's that for?" he asked me. Well, he is rather cut up, and you rather rubbed it into him, you know,' I

wild, for I thought Moore a little hard. " Did I say anything untrue?" "Well, not untrue, perhaps; but truth is like medicins-not always good to take."

his potient. He grew more and more by, 'and Jim.' Jim was his journer brother puzzled as he noted the various symptoms, and sworn claim.

What have you been doing to him? Why is he in this condition? This flex bite | place besent account for all," pointing to the

We stood like children reproved. The

Duke sald, hesitatingly: " I feer, doctor, the life has been a little too hard for him. He had a severe nervous attack-seeing things, you know."

""Yes, I know," stormed the old doctor. I know you well enough, with your head of east-from and no nerves for speak of. I know the crowd and how you lead them. Infernal fools! You'll get your turn some day. I've warned you before."

"The lacke was standing up before the doctor during this storm, smiling slightly. All at once the smile fuled out and he pointed to the bed. Figure was sitting up leap of joy in his eyes as the buke came quiet and steady. He stretched out his hand to the Duke.

"'Don't mind the old fool,' he said, holding the buke's hand and looking up at him as forely as if he were a girl. 'It's my own funeral-funeral? He paused. 'Perhaps it nay be-who knows?-feel queer enoughbut remember, Duke-it's my own faultdon't listen to those bally fools,' looking toward Moore and the doctor, 'My ewn fault his voice died down-'my own

"The Duke best over him and laid him back on the pillow, saying, Thanks, old chap; years good stuff. I'll not forget. Just keep quiet and you'll be all right. He passed his cool, firm hand over the hot brow of the man looking up at him with ove in his eyes, and in a few moments Bruce fell ashep. The Duke lifted himself up, and, facing the doctor, said in his cool-

porture, doctor. Your patient will need all your attention. As for my morals, Mr. Moore kindly intrusts himself with the are of them.' This with a bow toward the Priot.

"I wish him joy of his charge, snorted the ductor, turning again to the bed, where Bruce had already passed into delirium. "The memory of that visit was like a horrible nightmare for months. Moore lay on the floor and slept. The Duke rode off somewhither. The old doctor and I kept watch. All night poor Bruce raved in the wildest delirium, singing, now psalms, now somes, swearing at the cattle or his poker partners, and now and then, in quieter oments, he was back in his old home, a broke and ended in a sob. boy, with a boy's friends and sports, Nothoter, who often, during the night, declared that there was 'no sense in a wound us all.' like that working up such a fever, adding urses upon the folly of the Duke and his company.

"You don't think he will not get better. dector?" I asked, in answer to one of his utbrenks.

" 'He ought to get over this,' he answered,

impatiently, 'but I believe,' he added, deliberately, 'he'll have to go." "Everything stood still for a moment. It semed impossible. Two days ago full of

life, now on the way out. There crowded mother, whose letters he used to show me full of anxious love; his wild life here, with all its generous impulses, its mistakes, its folly. How long will be last? I asked, and

my lips were dry and numb.

"Perhaps twenty-four hours, perhaps longer. He can't throw off the poison." The old dector proved a true prophet. After another day of agonized delirium he sank into a stuper which lasted through

began to grow at the eastern rim of the ptairle and tip the far mountains in the Duke had not come back; Moore and I were blowing soft and cool through the open sions. He gazed at us steadily for some window upon the dead, smiling face. And moments, read our faces; a look of wonder it seemed fitting so. It came from the land came into his eyes.

"Is it coming? he asked in a faint, awed acce. 'Do you really think I must go?' for, reaching across his dead friend, he ofvoice. 'Do you really think I must go?' "The eager appeal in his voice and the wistful longing in the wide-open, startled eyes were too much for Moore. He backed behind me and I could hear him weeping ness for much rudeness." like a baby. Bruce heard him, too.

"Is that the Pilot?" he asked. Instantly Moore pulled himself up, wiped his eyes and came round to the other side of the "It was a weary day. The intense pain bed, and looked down, smiling.

"The you say I am dying? The voice was strained in its engerness. I felt a thrill of admiration go through me as the Pilot answered in a sweet-clear voice: They say so, Bruce. But you are not nfraid?"

"Bruce kept his eyes on his face and said." Ing off the saddle. The doctor was ten answered with grave hesitation:

" No-not-afraid-but I'd time to live & "I shook my head, and he led away his little longer. I've made such a mess of it, I'll like to try andm.' Then he paused, and horse to give him a rule and a feed.

"Meantime the doctor, who was of the his lips quivered a little. There's my army and had seen service, was examining mother, you know," he needed, appropriate

" Yes, I know, Bruce, but it won't be very long for them, too, and it's a good

"Yes I believe it all-always did-talked ret-you'll forgive me that?"

" Tion't, don't, said Moore quickly, with a sharp pain in his voice, and firuce smiled a little and closed his eyes, saying: Timtired. But he immediately opened them again and tooked up. "What is it?" asked Moere, smiling down

"The Duke," the poor lips whispered.

" 'He is coming,' said Moore, confidently. though how he knew I could not tell. But even as he spoke, looking out of the win-dow, I saw Jings come awinging round the bluff. Bruce heard the best of his bonfs, smiled, opened his eyes and waited. The in clean, cool and fresh as the morning, went to my heart.

Neither man said a word, but Bruce took held of the Duke's hand in both his. He was fast growing weaker. I gave him brandy, and he recovered a little strength. "'I am dying, Duke,' he said, quietly.

Promise you won't blame yourself. 'I can't, old man,' said the Duke, with a shudder. 'Would to heaven I could.' " You were too strong for me, and you didn't think, did you?" and the weak voice

had a caress in it. "'No, no! God knows,' said the Duke hurriedly. "There was a long silence, and again Bruce opened his eyes and whispered: "The Pilot."

"Moore came to him. "Read "The Prodigal," he said faintly. and in Moore's clear, sweet voice the music of that matchless story fell upon our ears. "Again Bruce's eyes summoned me. I bent over him.

"'My letter," he said, faintly, 'in my cat-

"I brought to him the last letter from his mother. He held the envelope before his yes, then handed it to me, whispering: Read.

"I opened the letter and looked at the words, 'My darling Davie.' My tongue stuck and not a sound could I make. Moore put out his hand and took it from me. The Duke rose to go out, calling me with his eyes, but Bruce motioned him to stay, and he sat down and bowed his head while Moore read the letter.

"His tones were clear and steady till he came to the last words, when his voice

ing could check the fever. It bafiled the home again, remember the door is aye " 'And oh, Davie, if ever your heart turns open, and it's joy you'll bring with you to "Eruce lay quite still, and from his

closed eyes big tears ran down his cheeks. It was his last farewell to her whose love had been to him the anchor to all things pure here and to heaven beyond. "He took the letter from Moore's hand,

put it with difficulty to his lips and then, touching the open Bible, he said, between his breaths:

" 'It's-very like-there's really-no fear, is there? " 'No, no!' said Moore, with cheerful, con-

in upon me thoughts of his home; his fident voice, though his tears were flowing. 'No fear of your welcome."

"His eyes met mine. I bent over him. "Tell her-' his voice faded away. "What shall I tell her?" I asked, trying

to recall him. But the message was never given. He moved one hand slowly toward the Duke till it touched his head. The Duke lifted his face and looked down at him, and then he did a beautiful thing, for which I forgave him much. He stooped over and kissed the lips grown so white, and then the brow. The light came back "Then the change came. As the light Into the eyes of the dying man, he smiled once mere, and smilingly faced toward the great beyond. And the morning air, fresh west. Bruce opened his eyes and looked from the sun-tipped mountains and sweet about upon us. The doctor had gone; the with the scent of the June roses, came of the morning.

> fered his hand to the Pilot. 'Mr. Moore,' he said, with fine courtesy, 'you are a brave man, and a good man; I ask your forgive-"But Moore only shook his head while

he took the outstretched hand, and said, brokenly: "'Don't! I can't stand it." "The Company of the Noble Seven will

meet no more,' said the Duke, with a faint "They did meet, however; but when they

did the Pilot was in the chair, and it was not for poker. "The Pilot had 'got his grip,' as Bill

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# brought from Pike's Peak and planted in

### LITTLE STORIES ON THE ACTOR CROWD.

a couple of complimentaries and Murphy gave them to him. He sold them prompty for a dollar apiece. few evenings ago Mr. Murphy revisted the town, and the same waiter again asked for a pass. This time he wanted only

"Do you want to see the play yourself?" asked Mr. Murphy. "If I give you a pass, will you use it yourself T' "You bet I will!" was the emphatic re-Come here, then,"

Go ahead," he said. said the actor. Drawing a pencil from his pocket, he wrote wishbone, inquired: "Is this ticket

"Certainly," replied the ticket seller,
"Cive me a couplin, please."
"All right, but I'll have to purch that
ticket, if it is a complimentary,"
"What? Purch a hole through my share?"

"Yes, sir, or else I must stamp it. Those are my instructions"

For a minute the pass flood hesitated; then he returned to the attack. "Go ahead,"

lines and the waiter approached the door, holding up the coupan for inspection.

Ticket, please: I can't at you in on that," remarked the doorfeeper.

"Well, here is my licket, replied the deathead. "I'm wearing it to-night."

"I am worry, her all tickets, page 1.



8 the busy seens he and thing was china!" his manager rose purly one morning. The

The crehestra was playing the overture the waiter pulled off a "dickey" and hand- int a quarter, stepped forward. He picked up one of the eggs. Then his smile grow that it ever. he came out, "but," he miled soully, "it took his manager's arm and walked away.

"You win," he called back to the grinning

> sights of the city. In order to fully enjoy asked the latter. "Matter" yelled Kellar, "the dorned About 16 years ago Joe Holland played in

trip was taken, the big building inspected, and the two were homeward bound, when Kellar noticed some fine came in a basket on one of the stands. Kollar welled up to the farmer, and, pounting to the Then.

Chicago pork-packer, the young lover of a girl, who siways referred to Bishop in the play as the "Pla Man." Toward the the play as the "Pig Man." Toward the end of the play, when all the couples were pairing off, as was the institute in the district plays, the young lady said, referring to the park-packer's love-making to her aunt: "Auntie's going to take the pig man

from the wound and the high fever from

the poison in his blood kept the poer fel-

low in delirium till evening, when the Duke

rade up with the fort doctor. Jingo np-

peared as nearly played out as a horse of

" Seventy miles," said the Duke, swing-

his spirit ever allowed himself to become.

needed him again.



## VEST ON MORTON.

VEST ON MORTON.

"Fig Man." Toward the when all the couples were as the highlou in the old-chaing lady said, referring to the said and after all."

At the reheavisal Holland said to McKee Rankin, who was the stage director. "Excuse me Mr. Rankin, who was the stage director." "Excuse me Mr. Rankin, but might I suggest that it would perhaps be a good blea for me to introduce a line to introduce a line to introduce a line to introduce a line to first own as a set there "Yes, she's going that it was feeled consessional Record was a crudely executed wood cut, representing a very pretentious villa, much out of plumb, and surface and selected this amounted a line to introduce a line to first own of Nebraska. To Vest the Nebraskan was as a thorn in the fiesh or as smoke in the eyes.

The illustration which appeared in the Congressional Record was a crudely executed wood cut, representing a very pretentious villa, much out of plumb, and surface and derison agreeted this amounced by text which appearently had no bearing upon the picture. A careful reading at a single new aramatist," said some one. "An ambitious young stage director" and Mr. Vest said:

Why the Congressional Record the stand and the front of this humble agricultural refreat. This cut, I take it, was placed here at the variety of the control of this humble agricultural refreat. This cut, I take it, was placed here at the variety of Agricultura speaks, to whom the people of the United States to show the prosperous farmers. This cut, I take it, was placed here at the variety of Agricultura speaks, to whom the people of the United States to show the prosperous farmers. This cut, I take it, was placed here at the variety of Agricultura speaks, to what intellectual and luxurious refusement. This cut, I take it, was placed here at the variety of Agricultura speaks, to what intellectual and luxurious refusement the secretary of Agriculture as to show the prosperous farmers, of the place by the Lake to show the prosperous farmers, of this front of this humble agri

For a minute the pass fiend helitated; then he returned to the attack "Go ahead," in a said.

"But I am afraid it will spoil your shirt." This is purple ink and is indealing."

"I don't care, I want to see the show." A rubber stamp was prosed against the line match was expected in the waster approached the door helding up the coupon for inspection. The is my inside one of times. The is my inside one of times. There was care cann up the low here, is see an earlier to see the show." A rubber stamp was prosed against the line and the waster approached the door helding up the coupon for inspection. The is my inside one of times. The is my inside one of times the interpolation but the inside one of times. The is my inside one of times the interpolation but the interpolation but the interpolation of the interpolation but the interpolation one of times. The inside one of times the interpolation one of times. The interpolation one of times the interpolation one of times. The interpolat

#### WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPURLIC. agrees the pullshed chirtfront of the waits Tim Murphy, "The Carpethagger," goes the passest the man to-sight if he is soon record by saving that the theatiteal pass fleed cannot be suppressed. While suppressed. While At 8 o'clock the waiter possented himpacet office. playing in an Dilnois self at the box office, and, pointing toward that the toy wishing to make the passest of the passest the passest in the same to the consedian, "and they'll give your a seat couple." At 8 o'clock the waiter possented himself at the box office, and, pointing toward own last season a waiter asked him for | good?